

Pavement "Black Out"

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Sunday driving past your own hall of fame
It's closed on weekdays, shut for good
Pick out no one when you're talkin'
Felt like rattlesnakes were walkin'
No one has a clue

The parting shots, the thin caught
Fault line dancing across the frigid air shafts
A spastic grass, a criminal's child

Count to ten and read
Until the lights begin to bleed
Lights; til you actually a-see the rays
And your thoughts they start turning
Tells you lessons that you're learning
No one has a clue

The gauzy thoughts of those dirty scots
Wrestling with the elements up on the trail high
I need to know
Where does it go? how do I get there? what will I find?

(fun fun fun, fun for the summertime blues)
(it's gonna set you free)

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